



CPCC
035
1997

K E Y S T O N E 1 9 9 7



Our theme is composed of transition and diversity. The winds of time and change have blown across our shores. The editors of Keystone 1997 sailed from different corners of background and experience, to create a collaborative energy from which great knowledge and kinship has grown. Among the transitions we encountered was the departure of Liz Rogers, our advisor, our mentor. A woman of many talents, she was an integral force in helping us mold Keystone. We know the English Department at CPCC will appreciate the treasure we found in her. The editors dedicate this year's magazine to Liz Rogers. In her place, Lisa Gaye Hall was introduced and is spectacular. This year, we were honored with the opportunity to work with a delightful array of quality pieces. We even set a record with the number of entrants in the art category. Another change was the addition of the computer-generated art category, marking our expansion into the exciting spheres of graphic design. We hope you will enjoy our presentation of the best pieces in fine art, photography, poetry, prose, and computer-generated art that CPCC has to offer.

Thank you.

KEYSTONE 1997

CPCC Student Arts Publication

Editorial Staff

Design

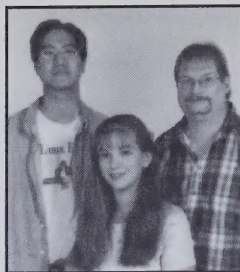
Saran Adcock

Literary

Lea'Vee L. Jordan

Photography

Robert T. Thompson Jr.



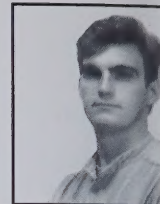
Literary Staff
from left to right:
Hyung-il Lee
Jodie LaMarche
John Bradley
Rickey K. Hood
(not pictured)



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Saran Adcock



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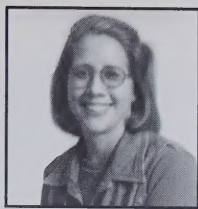
Submissions will be accepted in the Spring Semester 1998. You must have been a registered CPCC student during one of these semesters to be eligible: Fall 1997, or Spring 1998. All work must have been completed since first enrollment at CPCC. All work must be previously unpublished; writers/artists retain all rights to their work. Entries are judged anonymously by judges outside the CPCC community. For more information call Student Publications at 330-6665 or visit Taylor Hall 205.

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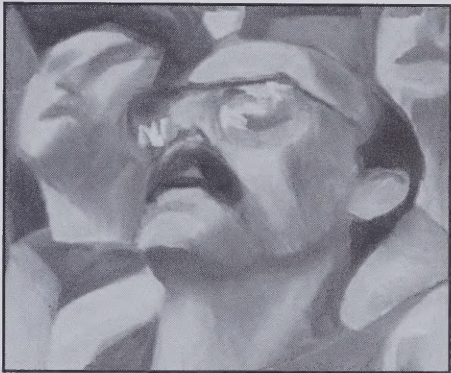
Faculty Advisor
Liz Rogers

Faculty Advisor
Lisa Gaye Hall

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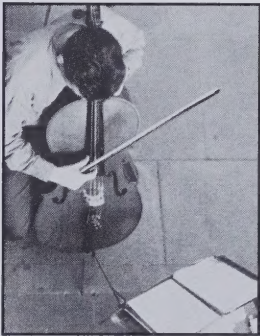
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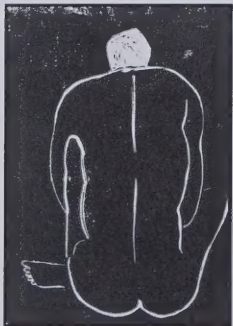
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First Place

A Loving Spoonful

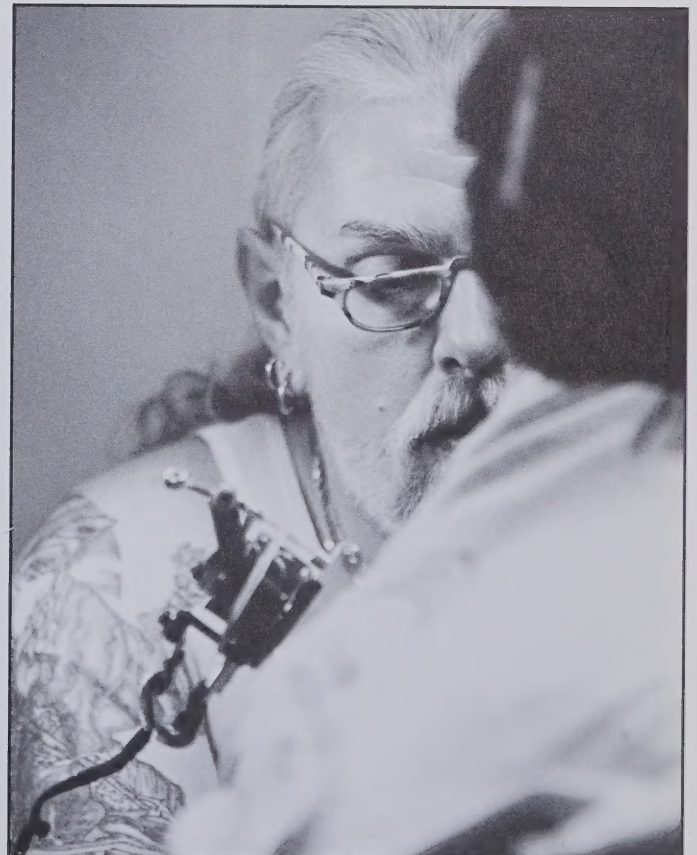
Teresa Whiteside Hicks



Second Place

Joy From Within

Teresa Whiteside Hicks



Third Place

Wild Artist

U. Turk Akbay



To Make a Champion
Jacquelin C. Peters



On the Way to Carnegie Hall
U. Turk Akbay

First Place

The Sunday School Lesson

Saran Adcock

THE INCIDENT

"Pick up your feet," Mama said as she dragged me up the wooden stairs. "You shudn't be walking that way going to church!"

"Yes'am," I replied, but I thought to myself, big folks walk too fast. The huge doors loomed in front of us with crackled-white paint. A warm moist breeze flowed from inside as Mama yanked open the brass-handled door. We were late and she hated to be late! Miss Bessie was pounding on the piano already. Mama walked even faster and I almost ran to keep up. We went to the back room where the little folks sang songs before Sunday School. They all looked at me cause I was late. I looked up at the ceiling.

"Jesus loves me yes I know . . ." I sang loudly cause Mrs. Mitchell was banging on the piano so loud. They were still looking at me, but I didn't care.

"All right, children, it's gettin hotter in here. So take a fan and pass the rest to your neighbor." Mrs. Mitchell handed out the fans with the pretty pictures on them to Mary in the first row. Oh, I was in the back row! I just know someone is going to get my special fan. I like the one with Zacheus on it!

"Speaken of neighbors . . . we must all learn to be good neighbors to our brothers and sisters who may not be as fortunate as we are." Mrs. Mitchell was talking on and on. "No matter what happens to us, God will provide. Even in despair we should look to God. God smiles on us when we walk with glory even when we are in great despair!"

"Amen, sister!" Deacon Percy stuck his head in the door. The fans are almost halfway up the middle row now. I hadn't seen anyone get my Zacheus fan yet. Oh, hurry up!

Mrs. Mitchell smoothed her dress, "Hello, brother Percy. How are you this morning?"

Just two more to go and my fan would be safe! Betty, the girl next to me, looked carefully at the fans. Good, I bet she's gonna

take the Esther fan, cause she's a girl, and Zacheus will be all mine!

"Here, Luther," Betty handed me the last fan. The Esther fan.

Whacceck! I slapped Betty upside the head with my hymn book. "I can't take the Esther fan. That's a girl's fan!" I stood up and screamed. "Give me my Zacheus fan. It's my special fan! Give it to me . . . give it to me." Mrs. Mitchell grabbed me up under her arm and carried me to the front of the room.

"You should be ashamed of yourself, Luther!" she said. "Fightn over a fan!"

I looked up to see Mama at the door. I guess she had seen all of it! Boy, I'm in trouble now.

"Dear Lord, give me strength!" Mama looked wearily at Deacon Percy. "That boy is spoilt rotten!" she said.

Deacon Percy shook his head and stood straight. "Children there's a lesson to be learned here. We should not covet others' belongings. We should be happy with whatever God gives us! And, like Mrs. Mitchell said we should, 'walk in glory even when in despair.' Wear a smile on your face and God, I said Gaawd! Will provide!"

I rolled my eyes. "But . . . she got my special fan . . . it's mine," I whimpered out loud.

"Young man, I see you need further persuasion." Deacon Percy leaned over and whispered something to Mama who started nodding her head. Oh, God they're gonna beat me! I thought.

Deacon Percy puffed his chest out, and walked s-l-o-w-l-y towards me. Here it comes! I'm gonna get it!

"Son, your Mama has agreed to let me take you on a missionary trip tonight. We are going to help those who are unfortunate. I'm going to show YOU that a Zacheus FAN is not important in the Kingdom of God."

"Yes, sir," I croaked.

"Have him ready at five," Deacon Percy waved his Bible towards Mama and strutted out the door.

THE LESSON

Mama was fussing at me, "Put on your shirt! Deacon Percy's gonna teach you how to act! Gonna embarrass me in front of the whole church. We'll see about that! Now brush your hair and make it neat!"

"Yes'am." There was a heavy pounding at the door.

"See, that's him already! Hurry up, Luther." The floor squeaked as Mama hurried to the door. I peeped around the corner.

"Hello, Deacon Percy, how are you doing?"

"Oh, just fine and dandy! Is the boy ready to go?"

"Just about. I want to thank you for doing this. He needs a man to discipline him every now and then."

"Glad to help . . . glad to help!" Deacon Percy nodded his head up and down. "I think after tonight he'll learn to appreciate what God has given him."

"Yes, Deacon Percy, I think you're right!" Mama turned around and I ducked back into my room. "Luther, come on out here now, it's time to go!" she said sweetly. She talks nice when other people are around.

I ran out to the living room, "I'm ready."

"Okay, let's go, climb on in the car." Deacon Percy opened the door for me and then situated himself in the front seat. The engine sputtered, but then hummed steadily. "I'm taking you to Hopson Mission, now . . . there's going to be some people there that might scare you a little, but understand they're just down on their luck. I'm hoping that seeing these folks that have so little, but still manage to meet life with a smile . . . will open your eyes and you'll see how silly it is to fight over something like a Sunday school fan!"

"Yes sir." His car smelled like buttermilk. I didn't like it much. He pulled up to an old, brown building with a crooked awning.

"Okay, boy, stick close to me and pay attention." The door creaked as Deacon Percy opened it. Several rough-eyed men looked up and then away. "Hello, Dan . . . Bob . . . William," Deacon Percy was shaking hands and patting backs. "How are ya'll this evening?"

"Just fine, Deacon . . . just fine, and you?" The men were warming up like butter to Deacon Percy.

"I'm fine . . . I brought a friend along tonight." Deacon Percy pushed me forward, "Everyone, this is Luther."

"Hello . . . Hi, Luther . . . Hi, boy," they mumbled. They were sitting around a black

and white television that made popping sounds.

Deacon Percy leaned down. "What's on tonight? Anything good?"

"Well it was," said the man with mismatched shoes, "until Bob switched it to this stupid movie!"

"You gonna start that again?" A tall tattooed man jumped to his feet. "I thought we settled that!"

"We're gonna settle it all right! You just can't come in here and change the channel on people!"

"Ain't you got anything better to do but whine about something so stupid?" Their noses were almost touching.

"Brothers . . . brothers! Let's not fight!" Deacon Percy stepped between them.

"Get out of the way deacon!" said the mismatched shoe man.

"This ain't your business!" The tattooed man shook his finger at Deacon Percy. Then he turned back and they continued to argue.

Deacon Percy's face was tight. He turned around, grabbed the edge of my shirt, and led me to the door. Looking back towards the men he said, "The love of God is not present in this mission tonight!" We stepped out onto the dingy street. Deacon Percy muttered something under his breath and kicked an empty beer can.

I saw a frail little man with a limp struggling to push an overstuffed shopping cart. The scuffed up cart was stuffed with old shoes, a lamp, two pool cues, empty bottles of different colors, and lots of bulging shopping bags. Protruding from the cart was a big piece of cardboard with big orange letters. It said, "Jesus Saves!"

"Well boy . . . tonight, well tonight . . . didn't go as I planned . . ." Deacon Percy stopped. "Wait!" Deacon Percy waved his Bible towards the old man.

"Come on boy . . . there's a brother in need!" Puffed up and Bible clutching, we strode across the street towards the wrinkled up little man. He looked at us suspiciously.

"What ya want. Huh! I say what ya want from me?" His jaw twitched uncontrollably and he backed away.

Deacon Percy put his hand on the man's shoulder and said, "No, brother, I'm gonna give you something! A compliment! It appears that you're having a difficult time in your life, but I see," Deacon Percy raised his Bible towards the Jesus Saves sign sticking out of the shopping cart, "that you still have faith! May God bless you!" Deacon Percy swung his head around to look down at me, "You're an example to us all!"

"What ya mean? You mean this sign? In my buggy?" the old man said in a low tone.

"Yes, sir! Your Jesus Saves sign!"

The old man let out a hoot of a sound. He slapped his knee and placed a hand on Deacon Percy's shoulder. "This sign? Mister, the joke's on you! I don't believe in Jesus! Look at me . . . what has he done for me?" He waved his arms about, "I carry this sign so the cops will leave me alone! I don't hardly

get beat up no more . . . since I been carrying this sign!" The old man turned away, spit on the sidewalk, and started pushing on his cart again.

Deacon Percy just stood there for a while. Finally, he turned to me and said, "God helps those who help themselves!" Tucking his Bible under his arm, he turned and strutted down the street.

Second Place

White Sky Night

John Holley

It was a white sky night. I remember because I was in DeRon's bed. His bed's under the window and I was staring at the sky. DeRon said the street lights make the sky white and I ain't never gonna see no star. But I was tryin' anyway. I want to be an astronaut when I grow up, but I never seen a real-live star out my window.

The couch creaked when Daddy got up to get the phone. I listened but Daddy didn't say nothin'. Then I heard his boots walkin' to my room. I pulled the covers over my eyes and pretended I was sleeping. But he just turned on the lights and said, "We gotta go to the hospital . . . your brother's . . . hurt."

"What happened, Daddy?"

"Just get dressed."

"But I wanna know."

"I'll be in the car . . . Hurry."

I bet DeRon fell and hit his head again. One time he was playin' ball and he slipped and fell on his head. He got stitches. I got stitches on my foot. I cut it on broken glass in the street. I got a sucker and a sticker from the doctor. I wonder if DeRon got a sucker.

"Devin! Git your butt out here!"

I pulled my jeans on so fast my knees burned like I scraped them. I put my red Bulls T-shirt on and my Lakers cap. I got my Cons from under the bed and ran to the car.

Daddy drove fast. He always told DeRon to drive slow and stop at every red light. He said never give the police a reason to stop you. You never know what might happen.

We passed the lot where DeRon played

ball. Nobody was there. DeRon used to go ev'ry day and shoot. He was gonna play guard for the Lakers. Then he got cut . . . because his grades were bad . . . He was gonna pay for me to go to Berkeley. He told me I'd be the first man on Mars.

"Know what, Daddy?"

"Huh."

"Stars are bigger than our house, the city and the whole world! . . . But they're super far away. That's why they look so small."

At the hospital people were running like the police were chasing them. A black man in blue ran by with his fists clenched. A white lady in green was shouting like Daddy does when DeRon comes home late. Somebody that looked like DeRon was riding on a bed pushed by a man in white. The boy was red.

"Daddy, what happened to that boy?"

"He got shot."

"Why?"

He didn't tell me. "I'm Darryl Stills. You have my son." He told somebody behind a high white counter. I reached to the top and tried to climb up. My feet slipped on the sides. It was like glass.

"Son, don't do that," said a man in white. "You'll get the desk dirty."

I looked up, but he didn't look at me. He talked to somebody over the counter. I looked down at his shoes. They were black. They were shiny like the bathroom mirror. I looked, but I couldn't see myself.

Then I heard loud breathing. I looked at

Daddy because it sounded like him when Cheryl comes over. But Daddy was still waiting at the counter. I turned and saw an old man on a bed. He was pushin' on his stomach. It looked like he was trying to hold somethin' in. His hands were gray and cracked like the sidewalk. Just like Daddy's get from layin' brick. But then Daddy takes a shower and the gray comes off. Maybe he should wash his hands. Maybe he was going to get a shot. He was shaking like he was afraid.

The old man lifted his head, looked at me and opened his mouth. His front teeth were gone and I could see his gums. They were brown like he ate some dirt. His lips drooped like an empty bicycle inner tube.

"Yes sir?" I waited for him to tell me somethin'.

He coughed like Mike Tyson punched him in the stomach. His eyes shut and his face squeezed like he was going to cry.

"Excuse me son. We need to take this man away," said the man with the shiny black shoes. He pushed the bed and the old man's head fell back. The old man's hand hung over the side of the bed as they went down the hall. It was swinging like a net on a windy day.

"Let's go Devin." Daddy grabbed my arm and pulled me through the green and blue shirts. We passed the boy in red. We followed a man in a white coat. He was wearing black Cons like me and DeRon. DeRon says Cons are cool 'cause they make him quick.

"Daddy, are we goin' to see DeRon?"

"Yes."

"Where is he?"

"Hush."

Maybe I can talk when we get to DeRon's room. Then I'll tell him Van Exel scored twenty-five tonight. I wonder if he saw the game.

"Devin, stay here."

"But Da . . ."

"Stay here," Daddy pushed my shoulders against the wall. He went into a bright room with the man in white. I wished I could see DeRon. I hoped he could still take me to *Space Jam* tomorrow.

I thought I heard Daddy laughing. It was real gentle, like when he plays the Temptations and we dance like they do. I wanted to see what was so funny. I snuck to the doorway and peeked around the corner.

Daddy was standing next to DeRon. The man in white was holding a white blanket up over DeRon's face. DeRon's feet were stickin' out. He had a price tag on his toe.

"DeRon! How much do you cost?"

Daddy shot around, "Devin!" His face was shiny. He ran to me and squeezed me like the time somebody shot our front door. He carried me away from DeRon's room with his face on my neck.

"But why can't I talk to DeRon?"

The man in white walked into the hallway. He looked like he stole a car or somethin'. I bet he made Daddy cry.

Daddy didn't say nothin' on the way home. He just looked straight ahead with his hands on top of the steering wheel. I just sat and looked. We drove past the houses with no windows where Daddy says never to go. Past the A&P where Momma used to work before she left. On the corner of our street, some of DeRon's friends were chillin'. One of them raised his fist in the air and nodded to me. On the sidewalk, the glass looked like stars.

When we got home Daddy walked in and fell into a chair at the kitchen table. He stared out the window.

"Daddy . . . Da . . ."

"He's dead Devin . . . DeRon's dead. Some bastards killed him!" Daddy didn't look at me. He just stood and his chair fell over and whacked the floor. "Ah son . . ."

He looked at the floor and walked to his room, scraping his feet on the carpet.

DeRon . . . Naaaw . . . He just told me this morning that Shaq's better than Hakeem. And he was wearing his Van Exel jersey today. He said nobody could touch him with it on . . . Naaaw . . .

"Daddy!" I ran to his room and pushed the door open, "Naaaw Daddy, tell me the truth. When's DeRon coming back?"

Daddy was sitting on the edge of his bed. He was staring at the floor and his hands were on the top of his smooth head. His big shoulders were shaking. When he looked up his skinny face was crinkled and puffy like he just woke up. "He's not Devin . . . he's not."

I felt like I was knocked down. Just like the time I told DeRon to drive the lane on me. I couldn't breathe and I felt dizzy. I started shivering even though I wasn't cold.

Then Daddy pulled me to him. He whispered, "Stay with me boy. . . Stay with me." When I stopped shaking, he sniffed and pushed me back with his hands on my arms. His eyes were red and yellow around the brown. He had a deep wrinkle between his eyes. I thought about the dark space between a door and the floor. "Listen to me . . . When I tell you to come home straight from school, do it. When I tell you to do your homework. Do it. When I tell you to leave them gangbangers alone with all they shit

and killin'. Do it! You understand me Devin!"

"Yes Daddy."

He stared at me like he never seen me before, "Can't bear no more losin'."

Daddy held me for a while, real still. I put my head on his shoulder. When he got up to call Cheryl, I went to my room and picked up DeRon's ball. It felt smooth and soft. It was rough and hard like the sidewalk when he bought it.

"Yo Devin! Whatcha think about dis?"

DeRon walked through the front door palming a new ball in his right hand.

"Wow! You got it!" I forgot about *Batman* and ran to check it out.

He was still in his purple Newburn High practice jersey, but he'd put the hoop back in his left ear. He tossed his yellow Lakers cap on the couch and spun the ball on his middle finger. It looked as dark as his shaved head. He stopped the ball and held it between his hands, "Check it out. Spalding. Real leather. Official ball of the NBA." He emphasized NBA.

"Lemme hold it DeRon." I took the dark orange ball and rubbed it. It tickled a little. It smelled as strong and sweet as grandma's pecan pie. I threw it in the air like a balloon and DeRon caught it.

"Try to guard me homes," he bent over and

turned around to dribble. "Remember, hand on my back, bend your knees, keep your feet moving." I tried to do what he said, but my hand only reached his thigh. He bumped me in the face with his butt, spun and shot. The ball hit the ceiling, fell on the top of the TV and bounced into the kitchen.

"DeRon! What you doin' boy?" Daddy walked into the living room holding the ball.

"Just showin' Devin . . ."

"You can show off after dinner son." Daddy looked down at the ball and squeezed it between his hands, "How many cars you wash for this?"

"Fifteen."

"You sure you want to spend your cash this way?" Daddy wrinkled his forehead.

"Shi . . ." DeRon started.

"DeRon." Daddy hated cursing.

"Shoot, in a few years I'll have enough to buy a hundred balls and a crib in Malibu," DeRon was sure.

"Just make sure you do your homework in the meantime." Daddy tossed the ball to DeRon and went back to the kitchen.

"C'mon little man, hop on my back." DeRon got on his knees. I grabbed the 34 on his back and climbed to his shoulders. My arms went around his neck. "Ready?" He looked over his shoulder at me. Then he stood with one arm under me and one arm around the ball.

Third Place

Now the Fire

C h r i s t o p h e r J . S m i t h

On this particular evening, the monstrous man was bellowing out the words, delivering them like thunder to every corner of the wide, crowded hall.

"My brothers and sisters, we have NOT struggled long enough. We have NOT fought until the skin of our knuckles is torn and bleeding. We have NOT cried until we stand in a pool of our own falling tear - tears which flow from our body as readily as our ancestor's sweat once flowed from their backs of scarred skin. And we have NOT seen . . . we have not YET seen . . . our sons and daughters killed, murdered one by one until there

is no one left to fight our sacred war.

"No, my dear family, we have not suffered nearly enough. We DO still have breath in our body, we STILL have strength in our arms, we STILL have courage in our soul . . . and so the battle shall continue. The struggle will never be over until every one of us here gathered is left bleeding in the gutter, left prone, left dying with a bullet in our spine . . . OR . . . or until our enemy is crushed beneath us, his power and his wealth and his glory taken by US - the benevolent sons and daughters of the one true God.

"As has been foretold and forecasted and

predicted and prognosticated for more than a century now, WE will be members of the holy army which brings righteousness to our Mother Earth. WE will be those who utter the Last Scream. WE are the CHOSEN ones. It is WE who must fight this hallowed battle. This is a responsibility which every one of us must learn to bear: the young and the old, the strong and the weak, each according to his ability and each according to his calling, for this is NOT a summertime job you are working. This is a CALLING! It is not a CHOICE that you make; it is a summons from your Creator; it is a direct order from your Supreme Commander; it is your RELIGION!

“Try to shirk this responsibility and you will find that you cannot evade it; try to hide from the Almighty and you will discover there is no refuge. You cannot escape The Compassionate, The Merciful. You cannot abscond from fulfilling the words of His Prophet. His words will be fulfilled today even as they have been in the past and as they will be in the future, until the days of judgment are upon us.

“This terrible holy war is nothing for you to fear nor dread, for vanquishing our opponent is what will bring Allah great glory. Destroying the white Satan will guarantee our eternal place in Heaven. The fire next time will be our final emancipation proclamation, and one that WE will write ourselves.”

The first one to leave the hall was one of the youngest members of the congregation; the boy practically ran, but was careful not to be conspicuous. He had a very important appointment to keep - one that overshadowed the entire sermon as he kept glancing at his watch, absorbing the preacher's words, but not paying them close attention. He was preoccupied. Plus, he had heard it all before.

The young man walked up to the quiet house promptly at ten o'clock, exactly as he had been instructed to, rang the bell and knocked loudly. His brother soon appeared and looked him over carefully, then said simply, “Wait.” Several minutes passed as the young soldier stood like a statue, awaiting further direction. His brother returned carrying a familiar type of small pistol. He stared into the younger boy's eyes as he handed the gun to him, the sternness of the look conveying a litany of unspoken words. The weapon was pocketed in a

nonchalant manner that appeared both cool and casual. Instructions were then given, repeated twice: “Tonight. Tonight.”

The street was deserted. Metal, glass, and concrete enclosed the wide avenue as though it were a jail cell or executioner's room. A tall, solitary figure was making his way from a bank building to the nearby parking garage: a gentleman dressed in a burnished blue suit, his gold watch and cuff links shining like beacons under the sodium street lamps.

The boy approached the stranger from the opposite direction, keeping his head down and pretending to be oblivious to his surroundings. He was anything but. The boy closed in on his prey as soon as it was within the confines of the immobile autos and the cold, senseless pillars of concrete. There could be no witnesses here.

The guilty man knew what he had coming and did not even pretend the situation was under his control. As soon as it was obvious that the young street thug was intentionally following him, the banker picked up his heels and began sprinting toward the far end of the deck. He pulled off his watch and cuff links and threw them over his shoulder as he ran panting and gasping in a fit of mortal fear. He would have screamed or cried for help, if only he thought anyone could have heard. The young boy followed the frantic man and his scattered trail of treasure - the watch, the loose bills, the expensive jacket - which lay in the middle of the aisle between the cars, but he left it lying where it had fallen as he casually tracked the frightened man to this car. This young street thug was proudly a man of honor and principle. He could not be bought so cheaply.

Reaching his car and fumbling with the keys, the banker opened the door, jumped in and revved the engine into reverse. As the car pulled out into the aisle, the boy stopped his pursuit and quietly eased himself over to the wall of the garage. He withdrew the pistol from his pocket and noted the hard steel was warm to the touch: body temperature. The tires of the Lexus screamed as it sped toward the exit ramp, but it could not get there without passing in front of the warm, loaded gun. One shot was all the boy would need.

“The fire is lit,” he smiled to himself as he gently squeezed the trigger.



First Place

Promise Keepers, Irving, TX

Virginia O'Riley



Second Place

Gourd With Fruit and Flowers

Eugenia Kaneshige



Third Place

Foliage #1

Teresa Whiteside Hicks

First Place

Stations of the Cross

Daniel Griffith

The cross-ties he died on left him
 with a necklace of stitches. It
 always starts at a crossroads; where
 Oedipus met fate, where my sister's

husband met a train that left him
 with a necklace of stitches. Death
 crossed Chaos, met Satan where
 Oedipus met fate, where my sister's

husband met a train that brought an
 end to innocence. Death crossed Chaos,
 met Satan who told him where to find
 Adam and Eve. Death thanked Satan,

for he had brought an end to innocence.
 Oedipus was ignorant of his father, my
 brother-in-law was ignorant of the train
 that told him where to find Adam and Eve.

Death thanked Satan for he had given him
 a job. Oedipus, my sister's husband, Adam,
 Eve all met in Heaven though Oedipus was
 ignorant of his father, my brother-in-law

was ignorant of the train -- Adam and
 Eve's chins were still sticky with the
 fruit. God had warned them, but not my
 sister's husband, not Craig; he'd not

been insubordinate to God unless loving
 my sister was a sin. Those others, God
 had warned them, but not Craig. He never
 knew he was dying and my sister would

find another man, would be sacrificed
 without fault (unless loving my sister
 were a sin). God knows -- it always
 starts at a crossroads, as with

Christ and Craig and the
 cross-ties they died on.

Second Place

Across the Creek

Robert E. Macomson, D.D.S.

Across the creek, firewood piled high
Across the creek, smoke curls against the sky
Across the creek, the flowers bloom
Across the creek, an empty room.

He will not come to greet you
For he's no longer there
Touch the empty ashtray
See the empty chair.

The fish can rest now
And say a prayer of thanks
For he's not there with hook and line
To sit upon the banks.

His guns are long silent
His dogs have gone before
For he's no longer present
To hear the knocking at the door.

His rockets went to the moon
Some went to war and dread
His widgets and his gears and Jaws
Are now saving lives instead.

Across the creek,
His children come and go
In daylight and in darkness
In sunshine and in snow.

His grandchildren too
But they don't see him smile
For his resting place is Sunset
Up the road, about a mile.

If I could see him just once more
Before my ebbing tide
I'd want to ask him reverently
"What's it like, over on your side?"

"Are you happy?
Are you having fun?
What do you do
From rising to setting sun?"

We're all on our ways now
Helped by the sweat of your brow
We want to be your pride and joys
The youngest a girl, and three grown boys.

Farther away, farther away
The Styx grows wider every day
Your spirit travels with us yet
From time to eternity, beyond the sunset.

Third Place

A Collection of Leaves

L i s a K e r l e y

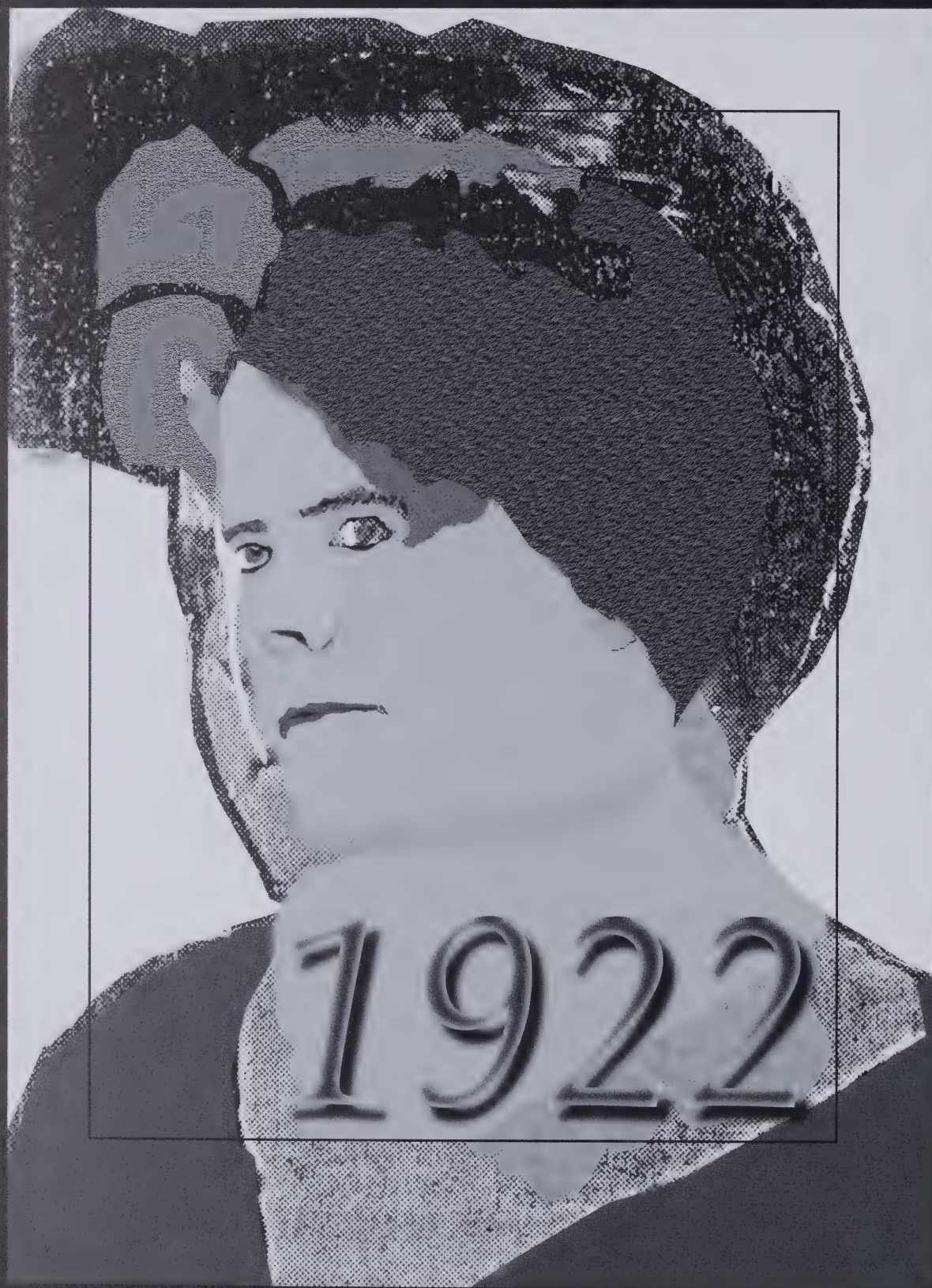
My daughter made a collection of colored leaves,
pasted them in a book, wrote the name of each
in her awkward scrawl. She sewed the pages together
with needle and yarn, drew
an oak leaf on the cover.

I slipped the book onto the shelf that holds
a similar book my father made
when he was not much older than she. I saved this book
when I saved nothing else of his. When he left
he took work clothes and his mandolin, left everything
he had no use for.

He made appearances just often enough
to collect a new school picture to show
around the construction site where he'd boast
about any accomplishments I'd made,
as if his influence had something to do with them.

I walk with my daughter along the reservoir
that winds above the lake.
A whirlwind stirs up the leaves into a
funnel-shaped frenzy. She laughs
and chases the skipping form along the path,
music of rustling leaves in her ears.

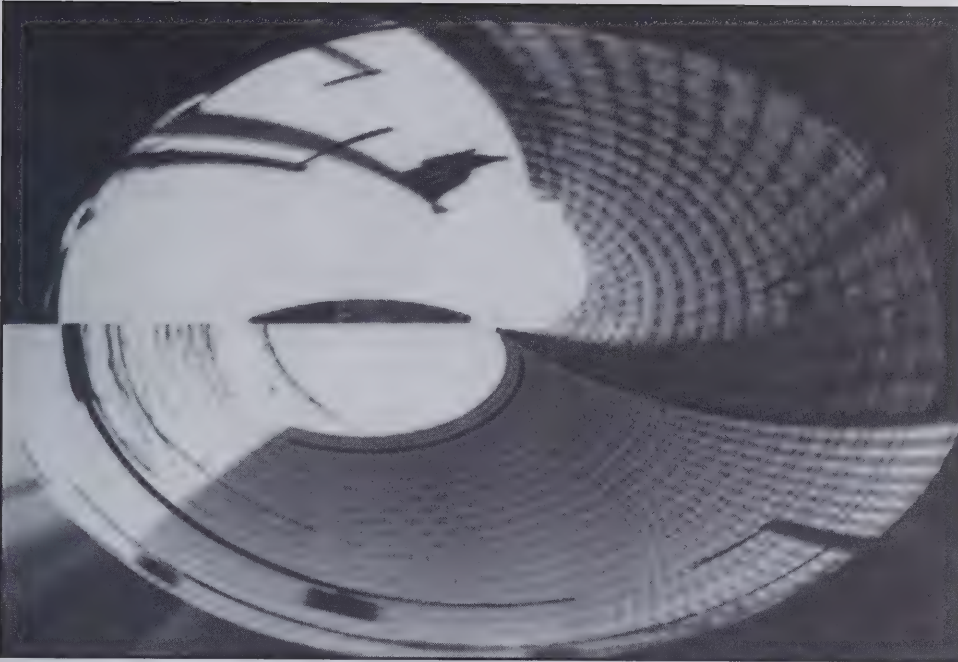
When the twisting leaves jump down onto the water
my daughter follows them, the leaves fly out
over the lake, then fall flat and still
on the water's surface. She sinks and rises,
mouth too full to scream. I call for help
to the empty woods, not knowing how to swim
or how to walk on water.



First Place

1922

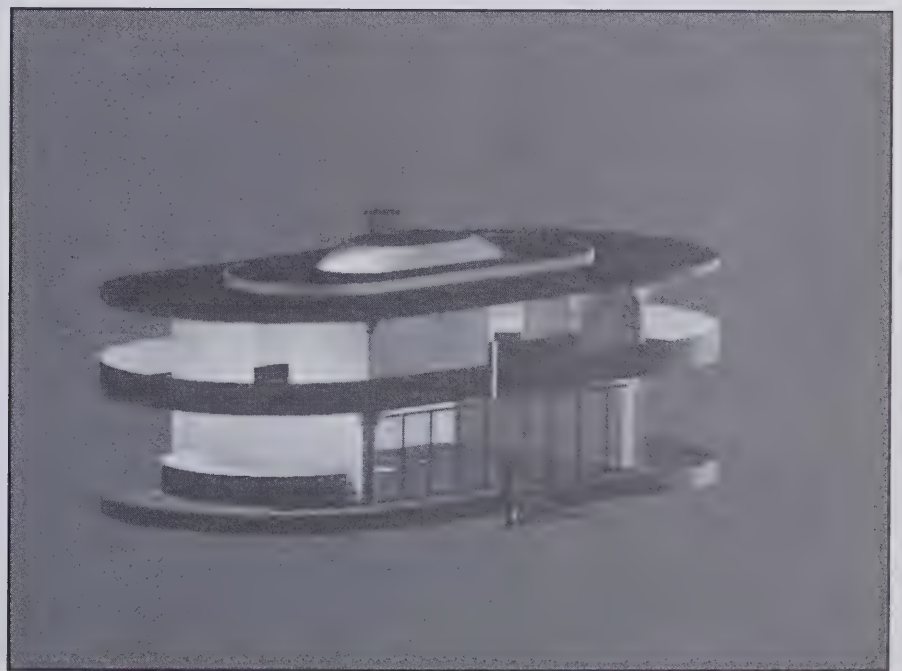
Saran Adcock



Second Place

Going Beyond

Diane Rise Carson



Third Place

Clock House-Residential Design

Hong Xun Liang

Where's Joe?

William Hewitt

He wasn't home when I called.

Instead, the maid answered, saying
"Joe's in the field with his father."

I saw patches of black-eyed flowers framing a corn field,
an old mule named Susan
and men wearing work like a flag.

The maid's voice softened, saying
"Joe's in the funeral field
where his father lays."

I saw red roses
budding from a bronze cup.

The dial tone filled my room
as the maid hung up the phone. I saw
Joe, walking between flowers and rows
alone with his dad, hushed
amid the ears of corn.

Fall Well

Adam Brooks

children of stone
playing in a parking lot
throwing rocks
waiting to go home

playing in a parking lot
wearing ragged clothes and worn shoes
waiting to go home
to father's drunken yells

wearing ragged clothes and worn shoes
walking the streets at night
to father's drunken yells
that fall well into the night

walking the streets at night
throwing rocks
that fall well into the night
children of stone

Small Town Girl

R i c k e y K . H o o d

To the west she saw the setting sun
silhouettes of pigeons perched on power cords
fumes of toxic gases rising from factory stacks
creating colors of a beautiful sunset

She saw streetlights reflecting on freshly rained streets
acid rain eating away at stone mason towers
street natives, dressed in tribal attire
strutting up and down wet city corners in colorful arrays

Views of the skyline fill her windows
from every window, colors of stone
down below, mechanized drones
of steel move alongside fleshly hordes

In the distance, a setting sun celebrates
the close of another day, reflecting the colors of a toxic sky
and she whom I took on this mundane tour
replied, wide-eyed "How lovely, Oh how lovely!"

Dubrovnik Matin (6 A.M.)

G a r y W e i s s

The sun, rising, outlines
back-yard mountains.
Sun-spotted peaks, shining, reflect
early morning's reddish gold.
(Quiet birds wave up above)
Mountainsides then present their
green-beige,
clay-red.
(The birds soar, glide)
Beside, the sea pulses:
going nowhere,
it leads everywhere.



Dancer

John Puzsier



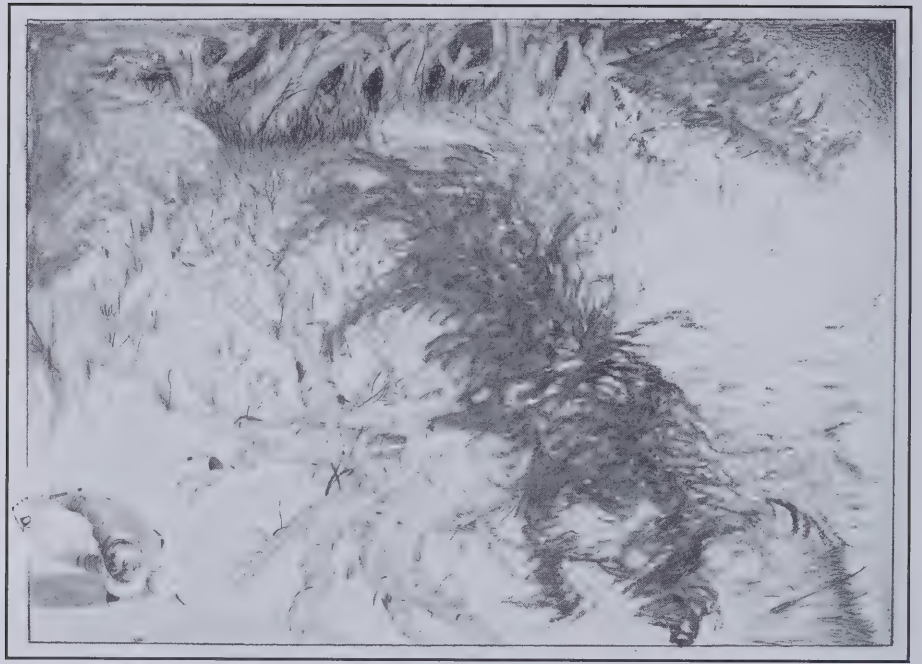
Little Rolling Pin

Janeen Pendergast



Vinyl Chair

Virginia O'Riley



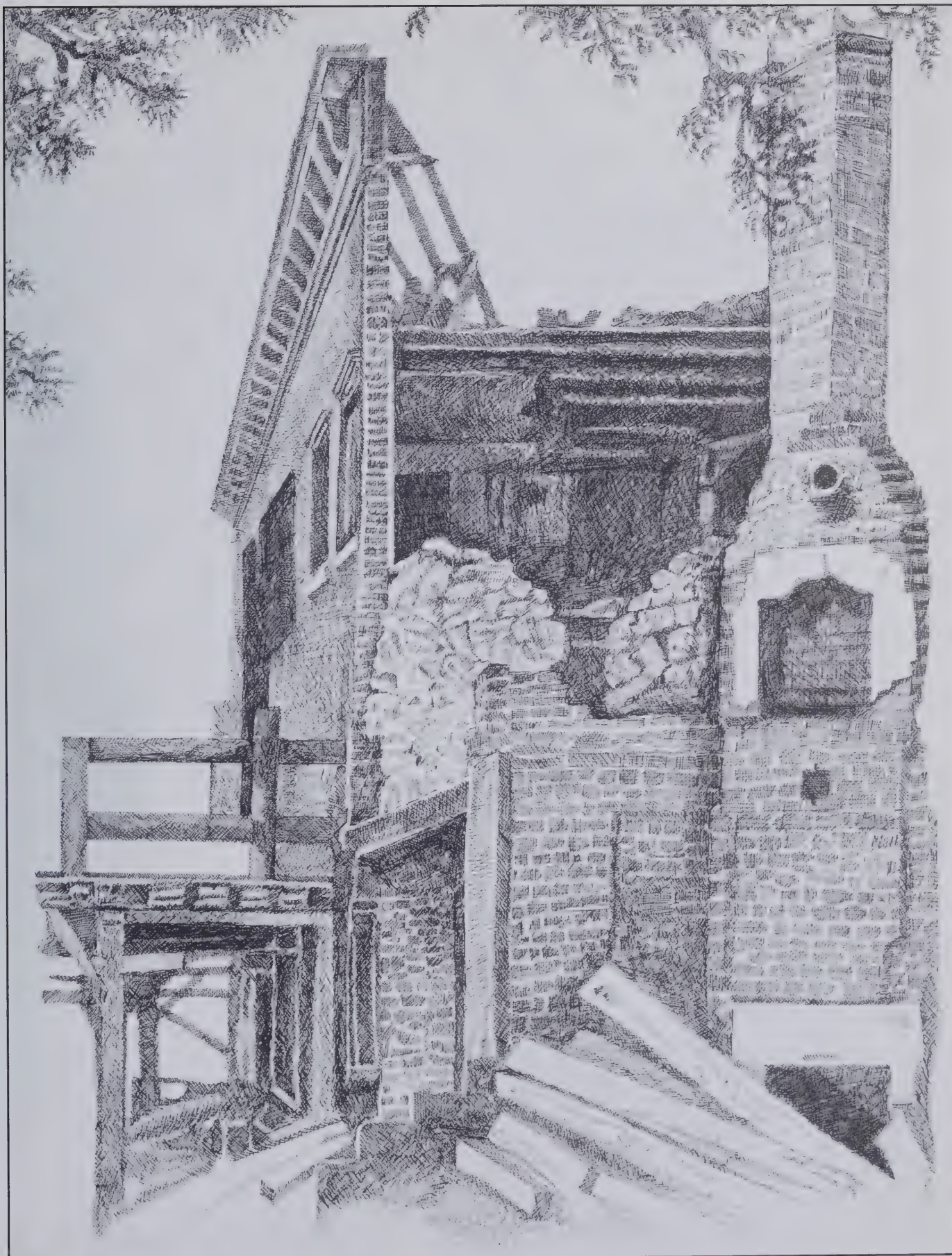
Last Hole

Thomas Douglas



Pain

Janeen Pendergast



Remnants of the Past

Cynthia M. Sheets

Velvet Days

J o a n T h o m s o n

My husband remembers endless summer days
playing under spreading pecan trees
'til dreaded naptime lured him with its lullaby
of droning floor fans and locusts' clicking cadence
hanging heavily in humid air.

I remember snuggling
near the end of my grandmother's
yellow meadow of a bed
gazing out the open window
'til wisteria's scented caress
whispered of slumber
muffling the most insistent
roosters' crowing.

My husband remembers easing from naptime's velvety grasp
one finger at a time then bolting free to his beloved trees
enveloped in the firefly-studded purple warmth of twilight.

He remembers eagerly transforming
an ordinary mayonnaise jar
into a magic firefly lantern
glowing through the night,
warning away all intruders.

I remember being dazzled
by the glowing gems,
wanting a firefly lantern of my own
But my dad in his folk wisdom worried
that my firefly-catching hands
would carelessly rub
my tiring eyes
into phosphorescent
blindness.

My husband remembers the day we met
and the sparkle in the eyes
my dad protected.

Some day soon
I'll catch fireflies with my husband
keeping my hands far from my eyes.

Kitchens

D o t S e i b e r t

In the kitchen
Of my childhood
Black stove monsters
Hissed and roared,
Filled-up sinks
Let china doll captains
Steer their rafts
While pretend heroes
Saved the drowning baby.

Chased outside,
I ran to my secret cave
Under drooping pine branches
That dark and safe place
where snow never reached.
Treasures and forbidden things
Could be counted and caressed,
Parental calls ignored
With delicious defiance
Until common sense
Said supper was really ready.

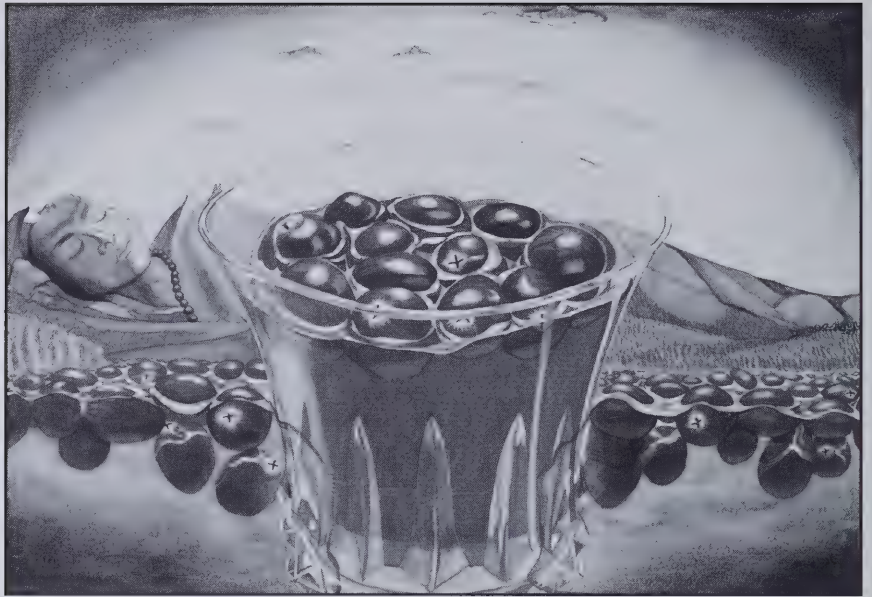
Today my kitchen
Is computer driven,
An efficient laboratory
In which to prepare lunch.
Digital does not hiss.
The sink is too small for rafts.
The china dolls are broken.
No pine tree grows
In the backyard.

My Sister

S a r a n A d c o c k

Creaking steps, hard-wood shadows
watch sister climb the stairs
clock strikes two
door shuts quietly.

Boys liked her!
I ALWAYS sat
at home
under the fringed lamp
alone!



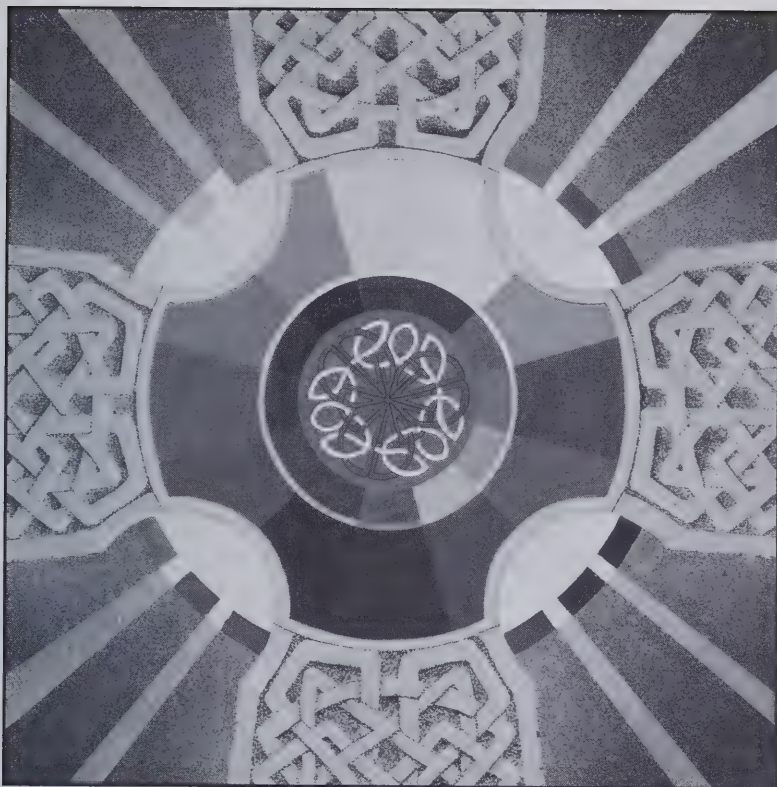
Cranberry Dreams

Teresa Whiteside Hicks



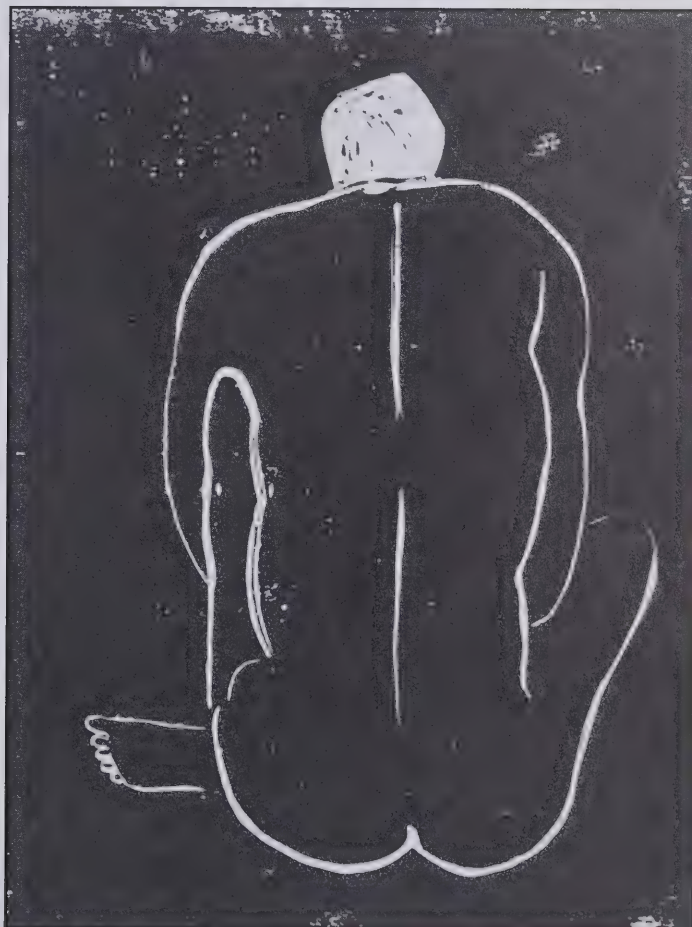
Urn

Laura L. Earley



Celtic Cross

Woody Jones



A Man

Kyung-oh Cashion



Saran Adcock is enrolled in the Fine Arts Transfer program. She is the Design Editor for *Keystone 1997*. She plans to attend UNCC in the fall of 1997. Her special interests are computers, writing, drawing, and education through multimedia.



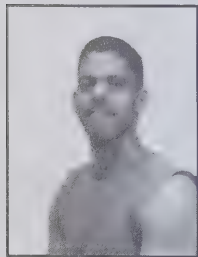
Adam Brooks is enrolled in the Advertising & Graphic Design program. Among his various pursuits, he plans to operate his own PC consulting & design company. He states, "Poetry is paper's ink laden soul."



Diane Rise Carson is enrolled in the Graphic Arts Printing program. She plans to graduate in Spring 1998. Her interests are photography, desktop publishing, screen printing, and offset press. She states, "My mother told me I could do anything I set my mind to...."



Kyung-oh Cashion is enrolled in the Fine Arts program. She plans to dedicate herself as an artist, with interest in painting, pottery, sculpture, and art book making. She plans to graduate in Summer 1997.



Thomas Douglas is enrolled in the Advertising & Graphic Design program. He plans to be an illustrator and/or designer for a publishing company. He enjoys drawing and seeing the work of others. Thomas plans to graduate from CPCC in 1998.



Laura L. Earley is enrolled in the Fine Arts College Transfer program. She wants to pursue her art when she graduates; until then, she is enjoying her classes. Her interests include her family, drawing, painting, photography, sewing, and reading.

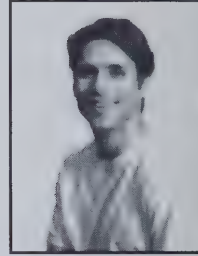


Daniel Griffith is enrolled in the College Transfer program. He plans to graduate in Spring 1998.

Teresa Whiteside Hicks is enrolled in the Advertising & Graphic Design program. She plans to graduate in 1998. She was awarded the "Most Outstanding" in the Advertising program. This year she enjoyed working with the public TV station, WTVI.



John Holley is enrolled in the English program. He plans to graduate in December 1997, then continue his education in hopes of receiving a MFA. His interests include writing, film making, and running.



Rickey K. Hood is enrolled in the Human Services Technology program. He plans to graduate in the fall of 1999. He has published his first volume of poetry, *In a little corner of a Black Man's mind stand I...* He is a performer and a writer, who feels he is "but a pen, ever writing against the wrongs."



Woody Jones is enrolled in the Advertising & Graphic Design program. He plans to graduate in the spring of 1999. His interests include music, painting, landscaping, photography, and Native American culture.



Lea'Vee L. Jordan is taking classes in the Advertising & Graphic Design program. She received a BS in Psychology from Howard University and plans to pursue a Master's degree in Advertising Design. She is the Literary Editor for *Keystone 1997*. Her interests include performing poetry, traveling, photography, and literature.



Eugenia Kaneshige is taking art classes in the Fine Arts department. Her interests are focused on oil painting and ceramics. She enjoys dealing with universal themes, such as the beauty of life in all its many forms and stages.



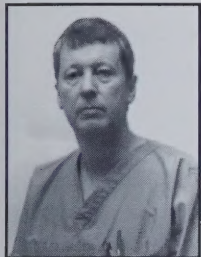
Lisa Kerley is taking classes at CPCC. She is a mother and a social activist. She co-owns Sandstone Publishing. She states, "I'm enduring life's theater in hopes of a great cast party."



Contributors



Hong Xun Liang is enrolled in the Interior Design program. She will graduate in the spring of 1998 concentrating as a freelance designer and artist. Her interests are writing poetry, traveling, painting, and sports.



Robert E. Macomson, D.D.S. is a member of the faculty at CPCC. He is a clinical instructor in the Dental program. He enjoys traveling, hiking, writing, and activities with his son. He believes, "Don't put it off, do it now."



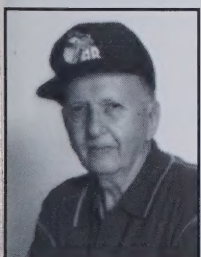
Virginia O'Riley is enrolled in the Fine Arts program. Her special interests are art and social justice.



Janeen Pendergast is enrolled in the Fine Arts program. She holds a BS in Education from Indiana State University. Her interests focus primarily on her four children, volunteering, reading, and taking courses at CPCC.



Jacquelin C. Peters is taking classes in the Fine Arts program as a photography major. She received a MA from UCLA in African Area Studies. She plans to pursue photography as a vocation and an avocation. Her interests are music, folk art, and horticulture.

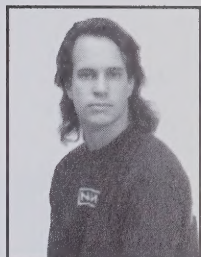


John Puzsier is enrolled in the Fine Arts program. His special interests are art and sports.



Cynthia M. Sheets is enrolled in the Advertising & Graphic Design program. Following her graduation in the fall of 1997, she plans to continue her studies at UNCC. Her special interests include drawing, painting, caring for animals, and gardening.

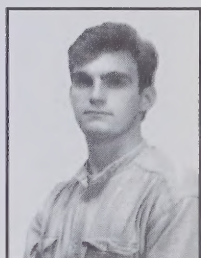
Christopher J. Smith is enrolled in the College Transfer program. He plans to pursue a Bachelor's Degree. He enjoys studying the social sciences, especially politics and philosophy.



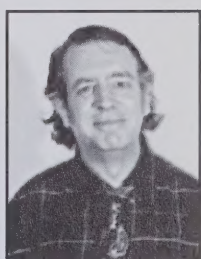
Joan Thomson is enrolled in the Fine Arts program. She plans to graduate in the spring of 1997 and continue to create art. Her interests include Biblical studies, gardening, and cross-cultural studies.



Robert T. Thompson Jr. is enrolled in the Advertising & Graphic Design program. He is the Photography Editor for *Keystone 1997*. He wants to work in the graphic design field and as a freelance photographer. He enjoys computer graphics, scuba diving, and motorcycles.



Gary Weiss is enrolled in the Travel and Tourism program. He received an AA from CPCC in 1990 and a BA from UNCC in 1993. His interests include language, philosophy, and cats.



The following people are not pictured:

U. Turk Akbay is enrolled in the Advertising & Graphic Design program. He plans to graduate in Summer 1998, and following his graduation his goal is to work for an advertising agency.

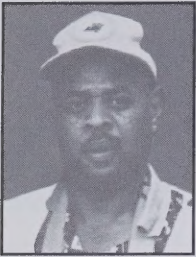
William Hewitt is enrolled in the College Transfer program. He is a mediator with the Community Development Workforce and a member of the Mayor's Mentoring Alliance.

Dot Seibert is taking classes at CPCC. Her interests include traveling, reading, and love of birds.



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Judges

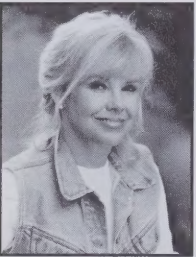


Photography

Lee E. Stewart Jr.

Mr. Stewart graduated from the Philadelphia College of Art in 1976. He has worked as a photographer-editor for various television stations such as WMAZ-TV in Macon, GA, WYFF-TV in Greenville, SC, and WPCQ-TV News in Charlotte, NC. He is currently at WBTV News in Charlotte. He is also a fine arts photographer. He has received an array of awards including the Emerging Artist Award from the Charlotte-Mecklenburg Arts and Science Council, Emmy Awards for Best Documentary Post Production, *Motherland of Two Cities*, and Best Photographic Series, *Total Exposure II*.

Photo Courtesy of Lee Stewart

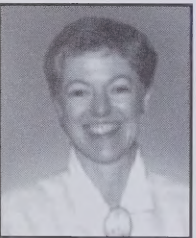


Prose

Nanci Kincaid

Ms. Kincaid grew up in Tallahassee, FL. She earned a BA from Alabama's Athens State College in 1987 and a MFA from the University of Alabama in 1991. She has published one novel, *Crossing Blood*, while her short stories have been widely published individually and anthologized. Her latest novel, *Pretending the Bed is a Raft*, will be published in October 1997. A recipient of grants from the National Foundation for the Arts and the Mary Ingraham Bunting Foundation, she now lives in Tucson, AZ.

Photo by Tom Veneklasen

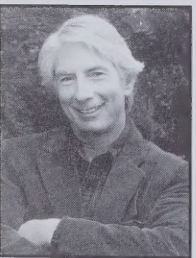


Art

Cheryl A. Palmer

Ms. Palmer received her BA in Art History from Smith College in Northhampton, MA. She also studied at the Institut d'art et d'archeologie in Paris and at the University of Oklahoma. She was an original member of the American Association of Museums (AAM) Ad Hoc Committee on the Disabled, the Standing Professional Committee on Education for AAM, and the Museum Division of the National Art Education Association. Her professional experiences include serving as an artist in Africa with the Peace Corps, teaching art history, and running a gallery. She now heads the Education Division at the Mint Museum.

Photo Courtesy of Mint Museum of Art



Poetry

R. T. Smith

Mr. Smith was born in the District of Columbia. He was educated at Georgia Tech, the University of North Carolina, and Appalachian State University, where he founded the *Cold Mountain Review*. He received fellowships from the NEA and the NC Arts Council, among other awards. In 1988 he received the Alabama Governor's Award for Achievement by an Artist. His works can be found in a host of periodicals and anthologies. His most recent collection of poetry is *Trespasser* (1996). He currently resides with his family in Rockbridge County, VA, and edits *Shenandoah* for Washington and Lee University.

Photo by W. Patrick Hinely



Computer Generated Art

Emily Blanchard

Ms. Blanchard, a Charlotte native, lived in Washington, DC and other cities before returning to live in Charlotte in 1988. She joined the Mint Museum of Art as a graphic designer. She previously designed for the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, DC, the Muir Cornelius Moore Advertising Agency in New York, and the North Carolina Museum in Raleigh, NC. She graduated from North Carolina State University with a BFA in Environmental Design.

Photo Courtesy of Mint Museum of Art



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